



Reach high, for stars lie hidden in your soul.
Dream deep, for every dream precedes the goal
CLASS MOTTO 1969

May 1969 Vol. 6 No. 11

WHITE COATS AND FORMALS

As the time grew nearer, people began rustling about town getting ready for the banquet and prom. Everyone left at different times according to their driving speed. At approximately 6:45 p.m. Mr. Kim Harris announced that out of the four princesses, Carol Irving, Cathy Conley, Bobbie Crammer and Mary Fisher, that Miss Catherine Jean Conley would be queen of the prom and banquet. A little while later the food was served. Starting first was a shrimp-crab cocktail, with tomato sauce. Next was the salad with your choice of dressing. Tender roast beef cooked to perfection, a baked potato with scrumptious sour cream and chives and green beans mixed with tiny bits of onions. We had milk and water for drinks. Dessert was a most delightful strawberry parfait. Then the reading of the proverbs by Ms. Kim Harris brought a very welcomed smile to everyone's face. Next on the agenda was a short speech by our superintendent, Mr. Carl Elliott, who said very short but sweet words. Mr. Karry Long was introduced next to read the senior wills.

Towards the end of the will reading the faint noise of the band began to pierce the giggles of all. Then, the people began to get ready to dance. The full and undivided name of the band was "The Hardtack County Spit Shine Blues Band." The Hawaiian punch and a cake with the seniors motto on it, were used for refreshments during the Prom.

NIGHT OF DANCE

Tuesday, May 6th, at 6:30 the Loggers and Loggerettes traveled to Medford to waltz and tango at an annual dance festival. The program consisted of many different dances the samba, tumba, fox trot, blue tango, ball room dances, square dances, waltz and tango. The Loggerettes, performed an all girls dance number and the Loggers and Loggerettes performed the Continental Waltz and Tango. We were given many compliments on a great performance.

The night of dancing was over at 9:00 and the Loggers and Loggerettes traveled safely home.

OPENING KICK-OFF

Mr. Sweeney is quick to remind everyone interested, that August is just around the corner, and that he is anxious to crank up the sweat mill again. Football practice will begin in the middle of August and ol' Meany Sweeney needs lots of "bodies" for a strong team. Running a mile or two every day during the summer helps keep the recruits from dying in their tracks later.

Now is the time to begin building strength for next years grid-iron battles. Next year, with the great potential of the team and the great coach, we will be looking for you at State Tourney.

BACCALAUREATE

Baccalaureate will be held Sunday, May 25, 1969, in the Green Church at 8:00 p.m. The Rev. Ralls and Murphy will share the service, which is to honor the seniors and give them a spiritual send off into adult life. Baccalaureate is the beginning of the beginning.



On Wednesday, June 29, 1960, at 8 p.m., a walk down the high school lawn will start for 12 seniors, that will last for some, for a night. Wilson said they will take their final interview in the gym as students of Butte Falls High School. The class of 1960, James Robert Furton, Catherine Jean Conley, Linda Juan Cranner, Mary Lou Fisher, George Edwin Herd's Creek Freda Irving, Donald Lester Irvin, Richard Allen Johnson, Harry Maynard Long, Michael Allen Nunes, Timothy Neil Stanton, Verne Patrick Todd, thought they will always be a part of Butte Falls High, will come to the school as visitors after graduation.

The solemn, but sober, and anxious seniors will listen, and maybe use, the words of wisdom from their speaker, Dr. William T. Gahagan, Ph.D., faculty member of S.O.C., assistant professor of Social Sciences. After graduation, when they are "testing" life, we offer their motto as advice: "Reach high, for stars lie hidden in your soul. Dream deep, for every dream precedes the goal."

GRADUATION FASHIONS

A graduating class has a wide choice of graduation fashions, it must make a choice between a gown with cords or a gown without cords. This is an agonizing decision! Next, it must choose a color. This can become complicated because the color should be either that of the school or of the class, decisions, decisions and more decisions! The company providing gowns also provides the class with a really broad spectrum of colors to choose from: yucky blue, white, which doesn't become the boys, green and burgundy. Once you have chosen your color, the caps are no problem, unless there's some class fatigues. The cap simply matches your gown. But the tassels, that's the tootsies! The school color usually accounts for one but the rest are just fat!

Bobbie Crammer plans on just roofing around this summer. This fall she wants to attend George Fox, to learn how to knock little kids around, she hopes this under the illusion of learning to be a first grade teacher.

Carol Traylor wants to work this summer. This fall she might attend college (elementary teacher) or she would like to travel.

Kerry Long is going to do things he won't be able to do later. I hear he plans on going hippy, well maybe just grow a beard. The fall he will be doing things he doesn't want to do, he'll be in the Air Force.

Ken Todd this summer wants to do nothing, but run around drinking and ... This fall he wants to work a year, then off for O.T.T.

Cathy Conley will be playing in the sun with Nikki, when she's not working. This fall she'll be attending S.O.C., studying to become a P.E. teacher.

Jim Furton is going to be greevy and make money. He'll be attending Pacific University.

Debin Harris will either work this summer or enroll at Princeton Young University, which is certain for fall.

Mary Fisher will work this summer. Hopefully she'll be enrolled at Portland State this fall.

Richard Johnson will be in the Coast Guards this summer, and that will keep him occupied for awhile.

Tim Stanton is also bound for the Coast Guards this summer.

Mike Nunes will be working for the Forest Service this summer. This fall he'll be in the Coast Guards.

Bonnie Irwin will be working for the Forest Service both this summer and this fall probably.

or can be any number of colors. "The class color, someone suggests. "They class," states a hard-to-please type. "White," is another's idea. "Everyone uses white, states the hard-to-please one, and so on it goes. I really can't see why they don't simplify graduation fashions.

AWARDS ASSEMBLY

The annual high school awards assembly will be held on May 20, tentatively the last period of the day. The big change will be that the athletic awards will be given at a separate assembly.

The awards to be presented are Student Council awards, Journalism awards, Perfect Attendance awards, Honor Student awards, Music awards, and various academic awards.

SELECTION

Another student, now is the time to rise up in victory or to fall in defeat. Of course the土壤 of student body officer elections.

Petitions are out the 19th of May! Friends, are you ready to give your long winded, but meaningful speeches on Monday, May 26th if your campaign planted firmly in your brain? If not, you'd better prepare yourselves to sway our minds. For we the voters, are going to the polls Tuesday the 27th and mark X for the candidate of our choice!!

FESTIVAL FOOLIES

On Saturday, May 30, 1969, our local dance group attended the annual dance festival at the Stake house in Bedford. Groups from Newland, Bedford and Grants Pass also took part in the fun.

The Grants Pass group won a place to attend the northeast festival which will be held in June, by taking first place in the original and all girls number.

CHEERLEADER RESULTS

SENIORS: Nikki Fernandez

Pam Harris

JUNIOR: Anita Sinclair

SOPHOMORE: Karen Long

FRESHMAN: Jill Harris

DISTRICT TRACK

On May 16, the Foothills track team traveled to Klamath Falls for the 1969 District Track meet. For beginners, Kim Harris will be going to the state meet. His 5'0" high jump qualified him for state and clinched Klamath meet. Kim captured section 3rd in the pole vault with 11'.

Kerry Long tied for 5th in the 100 yd. dash and took a 5th in the 220. Ray Finchum buried a 3rd in the discus with 133'1".

Don Irwin took a 6th in the 440. Richard, Kerry, Ray, and Don came in 4th in the 440 relay. David, Kerry, Ray, and Don, placed 6th in the mile relay.

The team total for the season was 29 $\frac{1}{2}$ points.

ALL THE WORLD IS BUT A STAGE OH DEAR! I HOPE NOT

Saturday, May 17, 1969, Oh, Promise Me! was successfully presented at 8:00 in the High School gym.

But what really went on behind the scenes is quite different. Nervous cast members, and technicians started arriving around a quarter to seven. Everyone had instructions to "show up" by seven. What rushing around, what confusion! The make up room was a humorous center. Have you ever seen a guy put make up on for the first time? Harmless eye brow pencils become lethal weapons! After the antics of the make up room came the chin, and things seemed to all go wrong. Someone came to the rescue and then suddenly you're on stage now. Nervous? Glory be, you've remembered your lines, now you're relaxed, enjoying yourself, hamming it up. Then too soon the curtains go down on the last act. everything is over and yes, it was worth it.

EXODUS AND COOLING

When school is nearing end and all is done,
We dream of days ahead and joys we've lost.
We reminisce about those days when we,
Through storms of work involving school, were tossed;
About those days when times were gay and names
Were sad. We failed, we won, we lost, and still
The memories always come to mind as good.
But then comes graduation. Future will
Possess careers of joy or constant strife.
Whatever comes we're confident that some,
With knowledge learned in high school days of yore,
Will ready be for anything to come.

COMING EVENTS

Thursday, May 22- Awards Assembly

Friday, May 23- Jr. High track meet

State track meet

Saturday, May 24- Quarter Finals

Baseball

Sunday, May 25- Baccalaureate

Wednesday, May 26- Graduation

Friday, May 30- Memorial Day Holiday

Baseball Finals

June 6 & 7- Junior High trip to the Coosa

TRADE SCHOOL NEWS

Here's the latest word on what's been happening at the grade school.

On May 10, 1960, the first, second, and third grades ventured to Jacksonville for a tour through Pioneer Village. They also visited the Pepsi-Cola Company.

The third grade wise construction paper covers with large colorful butterflies for poems. These were given as Mother's Day gifts. They've also been having fun watch-

ing the sea monkeys they hatched out earlier.

The Bedford Post Office and City Hall set the scene for the fourth, fifth, and sixth grades' field trip on May 5. On the return trip, they made a stop at Mr. Sweeney's place for baked beans and hot dogs. Mr. Sweeney added, with a big grin on his face, "The ones who ate two helpings of beans get A's this time!"

Grades 1-6 have been taking Achievement Tests.

STOP RITES

LOGGERS WIN CONTEST

Tuesday, May 6th, the Butte Falls Loggers played host to the Prospect Cougars in a baseball game which the Loggers won 10-4.

Jerry Conley scored three runs, Dewin Harris and Don Irwin 2 each, and Jim Harris, Jerry Ellis, and Jim Burton each scored one spicce.

Butte Falls capitalized on seven Prospect errors plus nine hits to score Logger runs. Butte Falls only committed three errors.

Jerry hit a single, double, and a triple. Don hit two singles. Gordon hit two doubles, and Jerry Ellis hit a double.

For a rundown on what happened, Don singled, stole second, advanced to third on Jim's infield cut. Dewin walked. Jerry was safe on third by error on catcher.

Jim singled, brought Jerry in and the score was 2-0. Gordon doubled and brought Dewin and Jim in which ended the first inning of scoring with the score 4-0. In the second inning Don singled, stole second, and Jim walked. Jerry doubled which brought Don in. Jim came home on an error by the catcher. Jerry advanced to third by the same error.

Dewin walked. Jim hit an infield hit which scored Jerry a run from third base. Gordon doubled again to score Dewin from second. That ended the second inning with the score 7-0. Prospect scored one run in the third inning by Jim

been. In the third inning Jerry hit a triple and scored a run on an error by the catcher when he threw a bad ball to the third baseman. The score now is 9-1. In the fourth inning Prospect scored when Tim Grey walked, advanced on Dan Larson's double and came home on an infield out by Adams. Butte Falls didn't score in the fourth inning. Score is 9-2 now. Prospect came back and scored two runs in the top of the fifth when Stewart walked and Dick Harris hit a home run. Then the Loggers scored one run in the bottom of the same inning, a double by Jerry Ellis, on an error on the center fielder which brought him to third. Jerry scored on an outfield fly ball by Fred Ferguson which made the score 10-4. Loggers and Cougars were scoreless in the last two innings.

In six innings Gordon got seven strikeouts, three walks, and gave up six hits. Richard Johnson in the last inning had two strikeouts.

The batting averages up to now are Gerald Wayne Conley-.379, Gordon Ellis-.379, Dewin Harris-.344, Don Irwin-.300, Jim Burton-.296, Fred Jolliffe-.260, Tim Harris-.173, Jerry Ellis-.130, Dave Ferguson-.111, Richard Johnson-.066, and Joe Harris with .333.

Butte Falls, in winning both of the Prospect games, is now eligible for district.

SPORTS

TRACK TRICKS

On Friday, May 9, 1969 the little yellow school bus made off with students from the 5th, 6th, 7th, and 8th grades to participate in a track meet. The boys hopped off at Shady Cove and the bus proceeded to Elk Trail where the girls were to take part. There were loads of competition with six different schools in the running.

Those boys placing in events were as follows:

"A" class- Jerry Palmer- 2nd- 660.
"B" class- Sam Inkley- 2nd- 50 yd.
3rd- 75 yd.

"C" class- Randy Stephenson- 1st
triple jump.
Kerneth Long- 3rd- shot
put.
Randy Palmer- 1st- high
jump.

The girls did just as well and their results are as follows:

"A" class- Jill Harris- 1st- sun-
ning broad jump
2nd- triple
jump.

Karen Nunes- 1st- soft
ball throw.

"B" class- Judy Hyde- 2nd- triple
jump
3rd- soft-
ball throw.

"C" class- Jenny Spalding- 1st-
50 yd. dash
75 yd. dash
standing broad jump.

Junior High Track Meet

The junior high track team travels to Shady Cove on Thursday, May 22. Prospect, Elk Trail, Applegate, Evans Valley, and Butte Falls will attend the Shady Cove invitational meet.

AWARDS NIGHT

Thursday, May 14th, at 7:00 in the grade school multi-purpose room the Letterman's Club, along with the Pep Club, held a sports awards assembly followed by a dessert consisting of pie and ice cream with coffee or milk. Awards were given to those athletes who lettered in football, basketball, baseball, and track. The student managers of each team received a pin for their seasonal services. The managers receiving them were Dave Spalding- football, Mike Nunes- Basketball, and Monty Bruce in baseball.

The cheerleaders received awards for "bringing on spirit" to the Loggers during football and basketball season. Girls in the Pep Club, earning 50 points or more received a gold pin from serving in the concession booth, drill team, cheerleading, and other such projects during the year.

Connie Irwin got the award for the best athlete of the year and Perry Long was the most inspirational player of the year.

DEFAT

The Butte Falls Loggers wound up their baseball season in Almath Falls, Monday, May 13. In the District 5-A playoffs, Butte Falls was defeated 5-1 by Sacred Heart.

Butte Falls' one run came in the second inning. Jim Turton walked, stole second, and reached third on a passed ball. Richard Johnson stepped a hot one to the first baseman and Turton scored.

Butte Falls' hits were supplied by Jerry Conley, Turton, and DeJin Harris. Richard Johnson's R.F.L. was counted an error officially, but was too hot to handle for the first baseman.

WE SHALL OVERCOME

The Butte Falls Loggers split a doubleheader in Glendale on Saturday, May 10. Glendale won the first game 6-3 with the Loggers taking the second contest 7-4 in 11 innings of play.

Glendale got its runs early in the first game with three in the first inning and three in the second. The Loggers scored single runs in the first, third, and fifth innings. Don Irwin scored after getting on with base-on balls and Jerry Conley scored twice after walking.

In the first game Howard Flevins, Jerry Huller and Jeff Cleveland were each two for three for Glendale. DeWin Harris went three for three for Butte Falls and Greg Jolliffe was two for three.

A 300-foot home run gave the Loggers a victory in the second game. At the end of 5 innings, the score had been tied 4-4. Jerry Conley blasted the ball out of the Park with 2 men on and sealed the fate of Glendale after 11 innings.

Teammate Jim Purton slammed out a homer in the third with DeWin Harris on base to start the Loggers' scoring. Again in the fifth Purton drove in Harris with a single, tying the score 4-4. For six long hot innings the score was deadlocked. Finally Conley's 3 run homer allowed the tired Loggers to go home.

Glendale's Mike Howard had two triples and Herb Fyrd had a double.

Butte Falls' Purton was four for six in the second game while Glendale's Flevins was three for five.

Gordon Ellis did a tremendous job for the Loggers. He went 11 innings, striking out 12 and allowing only 1 base-on balls.

TRACKING LOGGERS HIT AGAIN

On May third, the great Butte Falls track team traveled over the mountains to Henley. Showing a great exhibition of skill, the traveling members of the track team were. Kerry Lang, Tim Stanton, Roger Harris, Ray Fischum, David Elliffson, Richard Johnson, Don Irwin, Kim Harris, and Jim Spalding.

Ray took first in the discuss, second in the shot put, and fifth in the four-forty. Kerry took second in the hundred, and fifth in the two-twenty. Kim took second in the pole vault and second in the high jump.

*****NAME GAME*****	
AKEN	EMINE
COUGH	XIMINE
LEPHANT	EADY
EMON	REAT
	SEFUL
	INKS
	MENISE
	ICE
**	
ODY	OLY
PRESTIBLE	STRICH
ALM	OPENIL
MBITIOUS	ICE
OUCH	LY
IRTY	LY
	EAT

MYSTERY PERSONALITIES

Height: 5'8"
 Weight: 102-plus
 Eyes: 2 of them
 Hair: Dark Blonde
 Shoe Size: 9 1/2
 Age: 18
 Favorite Color: Canary Yellow
 Favorite Song: Chicken heart
 Favorite Actress: Goldy Hawn
 Favorite Actor: Bill Cosby
 Favorite Group: Steppenwolf
 Favorite Girl: Confidential
 Favorite Pov: Uncle Sam
 Favorite T.V. Show: I Spy
 Favorite Food: Pizza
 Favorite Time: Bedtime
 Favorite Sports: Baseball
 Favorite Book: Playboy
 Favorite Class: Lunch
 Favorite Teacher: Mr. Poet
 Favorite Pastime: Riding my Trike
 Pet Peeve: Work
 Height of Ambition: Commander in Coast Guard
 Head size before interview: 7
 Head size after interview: 4 1/32

Height: 5'10 1/2"
 Weight: 140
 Eyes: Hazel
 Hair: Black
 Shoe Size: 10
 Age: old enough
 Favorite Color: black
 Favorite Song: Everybodys a Clown
 Favorite Actress: Sophia Loren
 Favorite Actor: James Arness
 Favorite Group: Renazades
 Favorite Girl: none
 Favorite Pov: myself
 Favorite T.V. Show: Lancer
 Favorite Food: Tacos
 Favorite Time: Bedtime
 Favorite Sport: Hot rodding
 Favorite Book: Gone With The Wind
 Favorite Class: Lunch
 Favorite Teacher: Mrs. "u"
 Favorite Pastime: sleeping
 Favorite Pet Peeve: Mr. Spahr
 Height of Ambition: To graduate
 Head size before interview: 6
 Head size after interview: 5 1/2

Height: 5'9 1/2"
 Weight: 97 plus
 Eyes: Brown
 Hair: Brown
 Shoe Size: 11
 Age: 16 plus
 Favorite Color: Blue
 Favorite Song: 200 m.p.h.
 Favorite Actress: Pat Paulson
 Favorite Actor: Bill Cosby
 Favorite Group: Ventures
 Favorite Girl: Mema
 Favorite Boy: Santa Claus
 Favorite T.V. Show: Wacky Racers
 Favorite Food: Pizza
 Favorite Time: Dark Hours
 Favorite Sport: Track
 Favorite Book: Mudist Sports
 Favorite Class: Shop
 Favorite Teacher: Mr. Spahr
 Favorite Pastime: Chasing Grasshoppers
 Pet Peeve: Flat Peeve
 Height of Ambition: Admiral of Coast Guard
 Head size before interview: 8 1/2
 Head size after interview: 6 1/2

Height: 5'0"
 Weight: 180
 Eyes: blue
 Hair: brown
 Shoe Size: 8
 Age: over 16
 Favorite Color: green
 Favorite Song: Games people play
 Favorite Actress: Kim Novak
 Favorite Actor: Jack Palance
 Favorite Group: Jerry Lewis, Playboys
 Favorite Girl: all
 Favorite Pov: all
 Favorite T.V. Show: 60 minutes
 Favorite Food: beef stroganoff
 Favorite Time: 8:00 p.m.
 Favorite Sport: football
 Favorite Book: Lust for Life
 Favorite Class: Spanish
 Favorite Teacher: Mother Nature
 Favorite Pastime: eating
 Pet Peeve: people who are late
 Height of Ambition: 5'6" 36-22-35
 Head size before interview: 7
 Head size after interview: 5

SONG DEDICATIONS

	PRON	SONG
Cupid	Someone who doesn't need boys..	Stupid Cupid
Desrest	Marry	Summer Place
My Admirer	Betty	I Love How You Love Me.
Andi	Judi	Just My Style
Honky	Clunky	Turn Around Look At Me.
Karen	???	Come To Me
Bill	Debbie S.	Where'd You Get
Karen Long	ME	If I Had A Hammer
Debbie T.	The One	Turn Around Look At Me.
Dave	The ? of Us	Hair
Phyllis Irwin	Jerry P.	P.S. I Love You
Mr. Spahr	One Who Squints	Hair
My HIV	Me	Love Me With All Your Heart
Winnie	GUESS??	Talk To The "Trees"
Pro	Con	Wedding March
Mare	Mony	Baby you can drive My Car.
Mony	Mare	To Dream The Impossible Dream

GOSSIP!!

What coach, when walking into a water battle, got drenched by a now famous water boy???

What senior boy was almost drowned by a junior boy at a recent baseball game???

What visiting boy got two complete periods of English? (Poor Thing!)

What senior boy said to another senior boy "what happened to your chest???

What junior girl, mouth and all, sadly got hit by another junior

What coach was recently stuck in second???

What junior boy said "I've got my feet under your seat?" Referring to under the desk.

What Sophomore boy caught another sophomore boy by putting chocolate in his seat???

What sophomore boy while taking off his warmup pants in the middle of the track field, found himself "bare"-ing embarrassment??

By nature I am a traveling salesman, by profession I am a writer—the well-known author of Love Is All Around Us, currently a best seller, having sold around 4,000,000 copies according to my last check with my publisher.

I am in the process of gathering material for my next three novels. I have been in strange foreign ports, small villages, kick towns and large cities—Veros, Cairo, Faris... and now I'm heading toward the Faicht-Ashbury scene. Since Faicht-Ashbury is the center of hippie-dom and brotherly love, who can tell what material I may discover among these delicate flower children?

As I pull my Porsche to the curb, I settle back for a smoke while checking the atmosphere of the area. Weathered boards, beads, beards, flowers, longhaired boys with Virginie Slims, long-haired girls with William Penn cigars, a battered Chevy with taped-up newspapers replacing windows, a manly, curly cur sniffing about the hubs of my canary-yellow convertible, the odor of perfume, well-sared... a far-cry from the Imperial Club in New York, such cuiusine! It was after settling all those business details in New York that I had begun my extended tour for back-ground material. Besides, I needed a year's vacation after those hectic meetings with the producer and director day after day at the Broadway Shows Studio. We had been knocking ourselves out rewriting the scenes for the stage productions based on my novel—Love Is All Around Us. Finding capable actors was another headache. I remember meeting the director and producer for dinner at the Imperial Club to interview their choice for the leading lady. I followed the dulcet-voiced waiter across

stick carbons to a candle-lit table where I encountered the brown-eyes of a lovely woman parked in a low-cut dinner gown of luscious lavender satin. Shock paralyzed me momentarily. She laughed musically and drawled "Kim, darling! It's been years!" Carol Irving, the darling of stage and screen! From fashion editor of the Evergreen to Academy Award winner in fifteen short years. Oh yes, we chatted and reminisced the night away. A small slim autographed volume of poetry entitled "Away to the Willows" lies among my souvenirs.

The next day as I flew over the French Riviera thinking of Carol, we had to make an emergency landing for repairs. As I stepped down I glanced admiringly at the lovely stewardess over my shoulder, I lost my balance, falling the entire length of the stairs, barely recovering with a twisted, fractured toenail. Stumbling dizzily to my feet, I hobbled to a cab and ordered the driver to make haste to a hospital. Being admitted to the emergency room, my pain-filled eyes slowly focused... His Brother George, angel of mercy! He wasn't even disconcerted, although this was his first important case of bruised-toe-nail. Calmly and efficiently, and maybe even a little vindictively probed the bruise and recommended treatment. He invited me reluctantly to his home, and told me how he had met his beautiful blonde wife while studying to be a doctor at the Vienna University of Medicine. My, how time has flown—but 12 kids! Well, Devin Plueva did believe in doing things in a big way. His pride in his accomplishments was evident as he boasted how handsome they were, how, of course, they looked just like him.

He was right, for the oldest boy turned beet-red every time anyone said anything to him or even looked at him. Madame Madelle Michelle asked me to stay for dinner, but the pleasant, peaceful meal (with 12 kids!) was interrupted by the loud persistent ring of a telephone. DeWin was being called on his emergency line. President De Gaulle had asked him to fly to Paris to treat his ulcer which was growing at the same rate that the franc was dwindling.

Family fun and games soon bore me so I made reservations the next day for darkest Africa. A safari, I figured, should be a welcome relief! I hobbled bravely aboard the plane despite the bruised toenail and arrived in the province of Upper Volta in the Capital of Ouadouo. There I met his highness Ashete Gorita, and journeyed to his jungle home. His highness told me many stories of the African natives and advised me not to venture into the jungle alone.

But being a former jungle-fighter and Boy Scout I heeded not his words of wisdom, and entered darkest Africa without any protection. Traveling thru the thick, rich foliage I began to tire, when to my amazement, I was snatched from my perch atop the elephant, carried to a near-by village, and thrown into a grass hut, barred with bamboo poles.

Many thoughts passed thru my mind. I was especially impressed by the skulls mounted on poles around the village, and the gigantic black pot perceived thru my window sitting upon coils and bubbling merrily. Finally I heard voices outside, then the grass-woven curtain was flung up, and the door-way was

darkened by an ominous shadow. To my amazement, relief and shaking charrin, who should this shadowy person prove to be, but dauntless Mary Fisher. After the shock of this first meeting I discovered Mary had married a young Englander, 6'3" & weighing 190 lb. with light brown hair. They had become missionaries and were doing wonderful things with the natives. Just before leaving, Mary introduced me to her two lovely sons, the eldest named Chris, and the youngest, Donald. They were fine young lads. At this point in this significant situation, however, I might have thought Donald Duck was a fine young lad. Needless to say, I left Africa about this time, realizing its unsuitability for further study on my part.

I headed across the Mediterranean from Cairo to Rome. Put the relics of the golden age of Pericles beckoned, and leaving Rome I jetted over to Greece. Flying in over the blue Aegean, my mind and body pleasantly relaxed, I enjoyed the scenery, especially the stewardesses. Among the usual bevy of beauties awaiting my arrival, (I had sojourned in Greece a year or two before) I discerned a distinguished looking guy who approached and presented me with a sealed envelope. Curiously breaking the ornate seal I smirked with anticipation as I read the invitation from my ole buddy Chas's. A stay on his yacht always proves interesting! Saying good-bye to the beauties, I accepted the invitation promptly. A sea voyage on a luxury yacht has personal as well as professional implications for a play-boy author. This five day trip was no exception; but there was this unusual twist... on the way to my cabin I paused as I heard a voice from out the cast foliage from the suite next to mine. I could not place it; I shivered and moved on. Ah, Jackie car-

tainly makes a fellow feel at home, thoughtful of her, those instant meetings. As the evening proceeded I was struck by the familiarity of that same voice several times. Always the owner of said voice seemed elusive. A particular brilliant shaft of light from the bar pierced the dusky night, and from out the shadows emerged a silhouette I recognized!

The hulky, cigarette-voiced, and that body were unmistakable! Van Todd! Sporting a heavy head of sunbleached hair, and supporting a black-eyed, raven-tressed Greek beauty on his arm... or should I say in his arms... he was the same old debonair, suave character who sauntered the halls of ivy at old P.P. High. He was totally surprised to find me there also. He told me this society hit wasn't his bar, but the wine was undeniably good. He confided to me how his high school poetry came into the right hands and brought him the fare for his latest trip... to Greece that is. Since then he has written more under the pen name of Van Fleck, and doesn't deny he's sitting pretty. I also found out that he conducts philosophical discussions in his spare time.

As he sank deeper into his wine and thought, his life under his alias was revealed.

A cosmopolite with a well-bloomed love life is Van Fleck. Racing sports cars and motoring are another hobby, his business! The profits from his publications he has invested in a champagne and wine company, "Ah he simply plays too well his nourish names."

Fearing I had heard too much, I helped Van to his cabin. Morning found him up early and he was gone without one good-bye. Always was an elusive character!

The Classics bid me adieu as I hurried on to Moscow for an important, and all but forgotten, appointment.

As I was disembarking from my Russian jet liner, I saw it, the newspaper! Pic bold headlines: Cosmonaut Robbie Cramer-First Woman on the Moon. I fumbled for a quarter, snatched up the paper and read the story.

Miss Cramer, world-renowned scientist, had discovered a disease which was found thriving on our moon. She classified it as Lunar Lassiey.

I was hoping I could get in contact with her. There was a story here, I felt certain. As I entered the hotel lobby, I noticed a svelte girl with long red-hair surrounded by newsmen and photographers. She was wearing shiny black patent-leather hip boots, a mini-mink tunic and a black Cossack hat of the same rich fur. Wow, I thought, could this be Robbie? I ventured over to find out.. Sure enough it was she.

As I talked with her, she told me how she got involved in a venture like this. "I wanted to do something for the world and for my fiance", she curried.

Robbie is engaged to a rather poor Russian farmer. Very handsome I gathered. Privately, she explained to me since there is alot of money involved in bein' a space scientist, she figures she can support both of them someday.

- They are very much in love and they plan on having around nine children, after they get married.

Glamorous, Scientist Robbie met him while she was testing a Russian variety of rummies for locust invasion. She didn't find the locusts, but she did find Valdimir Tolstoy. They fell madly in love and, well, you know all the rest.

I had a difficult time arranging transportation to London after the regime in power discovered I had authored several novels echoing the themes "Love and the world loves with you, cry and you cry alone." They consider love subversive. After a few bottles of Smirnoff vodka, the customs official okayed my passport, and I was off to the tight little isle—which wasn't half as tight as the customs official.

While touring in England I heard about this great pop-singer who was turning out golden records and turning-on the fans in London. I decided it might be entertaining to take in his show and so, wheeled back to London, checked into the Queen Elizabeth Hotel, very elegant, and found that the singer I was looking for was playing at a night club located near by. On the billboard in front of the swank club was displayed a more-than-life-size portrait of a virile young man with an ever-smile, long sideburns, a suiter and a sexy, open-at-the-chest purple satin shirt. I was quite shocked. I couldn't believe my eyes. Could this "Sensation of Song" be that sophisticated, intellectual, James Burton? now billed as "J.R.F. and the Big Heads?" Tippling the waiter in my usual generous manner, I obtained an adventurous table—directly in front of the performing star. With sultry rippling of muscles, and a few dramatic chords for emphasis, J.R.F. was leading his group in a rendition ^{of} his latest hit, "Don't Trust the Papes When The ^A Mamas are Away," With the *savoir-faire* I remembered he possessed even in the Little Falls Halls of Ivy, he shouted, "Kim, you old son of a gun!" After a hearty back-slapping interlude

he persuaded me to join his group. We had a swining duo going for several numbers. He had always wanted to dump De-Win and procure the support of my vibrant bass even back in those dear old days when they sang for their supper at the Lions Club in Tutte Falls.

From a "heady" night in London I jetted across the canal to the continent and thence to the Swiss Alps to a picturesque little resort to do some skiing during the season.

On the slopes I was met by my ski instructor, a dashing, handsome, bronzed young giant with a brilliantly fashing grin who indicated his assistant, a vibrantly tanned, lithe, curvacious young woman with sleek, dark tresses, dark flashing eyes and chic attire. "Miss Conley will take the morning sessions and I will handle the afternoon sessions," he announced.

Cathy's sexy, husky voice rang out loud and clear, shattering the stillness and almost causing an avalanche. "Kim, Darling whatever are you doing here?" I asked the lovely creature up to see my etchines, but she thought she had better take a rain-check on the invitation, as the bronzed young athlete, her fiance, was the jealous type.

Later that evening I met Cathy in the drug store. The druggist was filling a prescription for her tranquilizers. She confessed to me in a nervous rush her double life. It seems Cathy doubles as a surfing instructor in Hawaii during the off season at the ski lodge. And under the influence of the white sands, the Hawaiian moon and maste she had fallen for another fine young athlete, whose prowess on one water ski had earned him world renown. I left Cathy with her handsome problems to return to New York for a quick check with my producer.

Motoring across country, destination L.A., I trudged into the little city of Indianapolis, Indiana. Always fond of racing, I decided to enter the qualifying heats, with my 325 cubic inch Cobra Road-runner for the Indianapolis 1,000. When the big day arrived I was at the starting line. I began to feel the tension of the long race. I looked to my left to check out the driver. He seemed to really want to win. As I turned to my right I found myself gasping in surprise. Who should I see but, Don Ervin in his 502 chevy, which he built himself. We were both so surprised that when the starting light went off we were left at the starting line staring at each other. Noticing the large cloud of dust from the other cars in front of us, choking, we stamped on it. After I shifted into sixth, I noticed he began to pass me. "How could this be?" I said to myself. He then yelled out his window "You'll never do it!" As we approached the finish line he had about a car's length lead. My steering went out, and I plowed over the wall into a large track field. As I began to regain some of my senses, I waddled to the finish line on foot. A somewhat familiar figure was receiving the plaudits of the crowd and being kissed by the lovely screen star. Guess who, Daring Don? Nope, Not Don, but Killerkerry, or Loafin'long as he's sometimes called these days. He was the same old Karky, quiet, conservative...sneaky. He was always the "dark horse" in the race.

We began to talk about the road oil' days, and he said he has been winning quite a few races. I arranged to have my car towed away, and we retreated to Karry's Garage. There I found approximately 1.434.6 trophies.

I was asked to dine with the Lenz's, and curiosity prompted me to accept the invitation. We had a scrumptious dinner of filet mignon, mashed potatoes, and oodles of spinach. It had struck me funny to see spinach at the table, when I recalled how Kerry enjoyed the scrumptious taste of spinach served at the P.P.H. Cafeteria style. When I asked about this seeming about-face, he replied, "Now days there are pills for everything." Then out from one of the rooms of the house came eight children.

After dinner we adjourned to the drawing room with Muriel, Kerry's wife and his favorite cigar. I inquired curiously about "Dapper Dod Irwin," since he and Kerry seemed to travel in the same circular tracks.

I knew I had had dinner at the wrong place when I heard about Bachelor Don's luxurious pent-house hideaway, notorious for its fun "n" names 'n girls. That Don always had a way with women-played that shy-cyg role to perfection.

Then let me see where had I come from there? Oh yeah, next, L.A. where I did added research for my novel. Decided to relax one day and bought tickets to the "Karpis Series". Johnson's Rumblers were pisying a Russian team, the Cosmos. The U.S. team, our best, had a head pitcher with a peculiar style. The fees were screaming. But wait! Who was that pitcher? Why Richard, ^{Johnson} Richard from old B.P. I rooted for Richard, and went to the locker room after the game to congratulate him ^{on the shut-out}. He invited me to dinner to reminisce. As we entered the bizarre club, "curvy go-go

bets," as Richard calls them, were dancing about. When they saw Rich, they came rushing toward him. He smugly informed me it was his club, called "Kitchie-a-go-go." As we ate, he continued the tale of his adventures. At present he is not married. However, he is owing alimony to three women, and four girls are wearing engagement rings.

You'd think that between baseball and four fiancées, he wouldn't have any spare time, but... as we conversed, I found he has been taught the rare art of wine-tasting. In fact, he and a partner own a large winery in a small village in France, (could it be Van Bleck?). He is also planning to start a corporation in Sweden, but he did not inform me what type of corporation.

I soon had to leave him, for he must keep early hours, "In training, you know," was his explanation to me anyhow.

A continuous yapping jars me back into the present. Height-Ashbury is still here all right; It hasn't fallen into the sea yet. I crush out my smoke and check the Brand-Man! Had I been daydreaming or hallucinating?

Mysteriously I open the car door and begin a stroll up the cement wall with the door bell in mind, ^{then} this half-sized runt of a dog starts attacking me. Acting instinctively I pick up a stone as hell, which I was tempted to heave, but I side-step him. Inside I hear noises very foreign to my ears. Sounds like World War III staged just for me. Hearing footsteps coming toward me, I hurriedly straighten my medallion and comb my mustache—must play the

role you know to gain the confidence of these people. The door opens and a 27 or 28 year old girl, surrounded by 10 little mischievous brats comes out from the world of love to greet me, "Hi ya man, want some-
thin' brother?", she drawls from beneath Lady Godiva Locks. I am about to embrace her in a bit of swirly dislogue when her hippie husband makes the scene. I am speechless! His shirt is unbuttoned showing his hairy chest, he has Levi cut-offs on, with his dirty toes sticking out of some holey tenny-runners. Long, curly, tangled brown hair reaching to his shoulders; eyes, a mild, misty green and that grin! It can't be! I look again. I'll be hornsawgged if it isn't Michael Allen Nunes! After I tell him who I am, he invites me in and we sit together in the living room communicating with the petunias in the flower box at the window. His wife, Maria, offers me a pot of tea. When she goes into the kitchen to brew a pot, I break the significant silence and ask: Mike, "What have you been doing since you graduated from good ole' Butte Falls High?" "Well," he says, "I started out as a veterinarian and was makin' pretty good money, when one of the dogs I was workin' on bit me. Being a sensible man at that time, I bit him back. Instead of him givin' me rabies, the dog died. 14 days later. The owner of the dog sued me for all I was worth. That ended my professional career. Dillusioned by society, I came to Haight-Ashbury where I met Maria. Hey man," he says, "want to know the names of my kids?" Not giving me a chance to answer he says because of all the wonderful times he had in Butte Falls he named all 10 kids after students from Butte Falls High

School. "Six girls and 4 boys," he said. "Would like to have more but this house here wouldn't hold all of them." So saying he starts off with the girls. "This one here she's the coquette of the bunch so I named her Gayle. Because of her brains and wonderful ability to get A's in school," he says, pointing to another girl, "I named her Patti. This one's called Carol, because of her spelling." Next in line is a beautiful child whom he picks up and starts cuddling. "This one," he says, "I named Nikki." "This one," he points to the fifth girl, a blue-eyed, dishwater blonde, "comes in first where boys are concerned I named her Jill." The last girl in line is a black-haired, shy, timid little girl. "Because of her shyness and bashful ways I named her Cathy." "Now for the boys. Let's see," he says, "this one can talk circles around your head so fast, you don't know what's up. Naturally I named him George. Monty here, is the one to talk about photography, haphazard at times, but get's the job done. This one, I named after me" Mike says, "because of his natural ability; he plays football, goes out for track, baseball and basketball." "Real smart" I comment. "The last one here I named Carl, after my fun-loving twin, who didn't fall over when I skinned too many deer of school working on my Chevy.

Maria walks in front then and hands Mike some pot of tea. I say good-bye to Mike and his clan. On my way out Mike jokingly says "Don't worry about Snowy there, if he decides to take a chunk out of you, kick him in the chops, and he'll let go plenty fast." After changing our good-byes

I climb in my Porsche, turn on the ignition and peel off for God's country.

As I drive through God's country, sometimes known as Oregon, I see a man in a bright green pick-up watching over a herd of deer. I stop my car and stroll up to the parked pickup to inquire about the new boom town, Butte Falls. I notice the State Game Commission ensignia on the side of the truck. I glance casually at the driver as I begin my question, and just about faint. For it's Major Tim Stanton! In a state of incredulous shock I ask him why he is working for the game commission. He becomes very philosophical about loving to watch the deer run free and not wanting to see them shot. But remembering the Tim of old, I figure he has a full freezer somewhere.

As we chat, he invites me to his home. The drive he pulls into leads to a luxurious, ranch-style mansion. On a game commissioner's salary?

He introduces me to his wife, a good-looking brunette with a slight German accent. Calling the maid, he instructs her to ready the guest room for me as I will spend the night.^{1/2} As he shows me to my room, we have a little conversation about the maid and chances of her working overtime.

After getting settled, we retire to his favorite room, the library, a classy place with wall-to-wall deer hides and 5 or 6 books. He explains he picked up the skins on the job.

I am introduced by a uniquely-carved wooden plaque above the fire place. As I pass my hand over it, a buzzer sounds, startling me. I notice one section of wall sliding into another. Tim sees the question in my eyes. He quickly

replies, "That's my Hobby Room." I notice the rush in his voice, but still I ask if I may enter.

He hesitates to reveal the mystery, but at last, evidently deciding to confide in me, he motions me thru the door. We step inside. It's dark and cool, and a yeasty odor fills my nostrils. He switches on a light. This is the Tim I knew! Trucks, grain-tins, hop-bins, fermenting-vats, and bottling machines; a real ^{operation!} Although begun as a hobby long ago, ~~now~~ ^A he now sells the stuff on a side-operation. Biggest buyer comes all the way from Germany... Tim married his daughter. The house, the servants, the plush furnishers and decor now swing into focus. Game warden's salary! oshaw!

As I prepare to sleep the cool Oregon night away, I plan tomorrow. With trusty typewriter in hand, I'll away to my private retreat atop Mt. Pitt, and there begin work on my next book, a travelogue, to be entitled, "Meanderings With Marlie.

SENIOR WILL

I, Jim Burton, being of weak mind and dubious body, do willfully make this will as my final will and testament.

To Fred Ferguson I leave my special taped together baseball cleats to aid his daily task of chasing the "Little Woman."

To my sister Doris, I leave all the brotherly love I can muster and one "B" grade for each semester I received one.

To Roger Harris, I leave 50¢ for a long race that was well-run.

To Kim Harris, I leave 50¢ for a race not-so-well-run, but won.

To Randy Stephenson, I leave 100 lbs.

To Rosemary Meaux I leave my chair in study hall and my cool, even temper.

To Marilynn Sinclair I leave my famous drinking days.

To Mrs. "H" I bequeath one wooden appendage, approximately 2 inches by 4 inches by 4 feet to aid impetuous young men in their quest of literary intellectualism. (To be applied only, and especially when necessary.)

To Nikki Fernandez I leave my half of Locker 19 in the shape she last saw it.

To Jim Spalding I leave my shirttail. He seemed to want it badly.

To Ray Finchum I leave 2¢ to get his sweet-smelling letters out of heck.

To Mr. Poet, I leave one cubic foot of dirt to sprinkle behind home plate, just to make our artistically improved baseball field complete.

To Tod Harris, I leave the first shower on the left in the locker room and all the cold water he can stand.

And to all my fellow students I leave high hopes and fond memories and thanks for making our little school what it is.

I, Van Patrick Todd, do hereby will the following, beings, of course, mentally, physically, and laughingly all here:

To Dale Horling I would like to give my holey P.E. socks.

My most wonderful ability to be a great lover without getting in trouble I would like to give to Jerry Conley.

I give, perhaps, my best ability, that of being able to love only one person at a time, to Miss Nikki Fernandez.

To Pam, I give my ability to cheat in Consumer Math without getting caught.

To Anita, my sneaky ability to transfer from shop class before my Senior year.

And to the Institution of Higher Education and all of its occupants, I give the most wonderful thing that I have to give; my wonderful ability to have a great love and respect for both man and nature.

I, Harry Long, having a worn-out mind and run-down body, do hereby decree the following as my last will and testament.

To Ted Harris, I will my outstanding courage and boldness with women.

To Marilyn Sinclair I will My ability to make bets and win occasionally.

To John Cernick, I leave behind all my secret fishing holes with the exception of the hatchery ponds.

To Steve Modoo, as soon as he learns to whistle, I will my ability to whistle at passing girls and not get caught.

To the football team I will My five pairs of football shoes and two used mouth pieces.

To Roger Harris, I will my slightly used track shoes knowing he'll cut 2 minutes off his 2-mile.

To my brother I will all my ability in every sport, hoping he'll better my marks.

And at last, to Mr. Elliott, my coaches Mrs. Sweeney, Mr. Poet, Mr. Spahr, and to all my teachers, I leave behind my great thanks for helping me achieve my goals both athletically and scholastically.

I, Carol Irving, being of unstable mind and unfortunately sound body do on this day, May third, nineteen hundred and sixty-nine, declare my last will and testament.

To all my teachers, I leave four more endowed with all my own fine abilities, plus my brother George.

To Mrs. Hannibal, I leave an almost new dictionary. (I once used it to press a flower.)

To my beloved companion Doris Burton, I leave the six dozen pictures ordered from Monty Bruce with the idea in mind that they would be popular.

To George Irving, my brother, I leave my fifteen minutes in the bathroom; he may need to shave next year, and my beloved bowl of oatmeal.

To anyone who may wish to claim them I leave fond memories, of me.

And last, but not least, I leave Mr. Harris the knowledge that no longer will he have to extract exorbitant library fines from me.

I, Bonnie "Bones" Irwin, being of weak mind and unstable body, now bequeath all my worldly possessions to the following people:

To my sparring partner Jim Spalding, I leave my ability to stay out of trouble during school hours.

To Terry Ellis, I leave my locker number plate, in case he loses his.

To Richard Johnson, I give all my broken pencils back to him which I stole from him.

To John Cernick, I leave my old faithful typewriter and eraser crumbs. I also give to John all my typed on typing paper, in case he runs out, which is often.

To George Irving, I give my ability to stay out of arguments with Mr. Spahr.

To Mr. Spahr, I leave all the chipped leather tools, which I dropped during shop class.

To Andy, I leave my ability to step on my partner's toes while dancing.

To Marilyn, I give my ability to eat in class without being caught.

To Mr. Poet, I leave my ability to break every size 34 bat in sight.

To a typical Ted Harris, I give my old raggedy baseball glove, so he can catch flies too.

To Kim, I leave my ability to win "hoarse" games during baseball practice.

I, Tim Stanton, being of weak mind and feeble body, do hereby will to the following:

To Judy Hyde I leave my love and affection.

To Ray, I leave my gun, light, and shooting ability.

To the Harris brothers, my ability to own a Yamaha.

To Chub, I leave my old Yamaha parts, which consists of umpteen million spark plugs, 3 transmissions, 1 clutch, 3 tires, and 5 used cables.

To Jim and Dave Spalding, my athletic ability.

To Marta and Debbie Sanders, I leave my ability to be good.

To Mr. Elliott, I leave my flag.

To Dave Ellefson, I leave my track ability, which isn't very good.

To Honda and other fresh bikes, I leave the junkyard.

To Roger Harris, I leave my ability not to run into somebody.

And to the faculty, I leave ol' Butte Falls High.

I, Richard Johnson, being of "sober" mind and body do hereby will the following:

To the nice, kind, gently man that runs around in his little white jeep, I will my little gold Volkswagon.

To Timothy Neil Stanton, I will all my used Yamaha parts, and anything else that has to do with a Yamaha.

I will my lovely creation of a term paper to Ray Muchum. Maybe someday he could use it for a reference.

I will my wonderful ability to wet talk in class to Miss Gayle Inkley, as though she needed it.

My ability to play baseball is still up for grabs; do I hear any bids?

To John Germick, I will my old football cleats. That should do the job.

The most prized and sexy possession of all, my P.E. trunks, go to lucky LeRoy Moore.

And to Debbie Sanders, I leave my swiftly quick hands, which enabled me to take the answer book, without anybody knowin' it, of course.

And my brains, well, what there are, I give back to good ol' Butte Falls High School, so they may use them for experiments.

And last but not least, I will all the fond memories of high school to Mrs. Hannibal, and may I always remember good old English class. (All of it.)

I, DeWitt Harris, being usually of unsound mind and little in body, do hereby bequeath the following:

To Jimmy Moore, my two-toned mouthpiece, on which he will be expected to play both the first and second trombone parts next years.

To Randy Stephenson I leave my thyroid glands, they have served me well, and I have no further use for them.

To Jim Furton, I leave my grade point average, in exchange of his.

To Greg Jolliffe, I leave my football knee, as a broader resting place for Gayle.

To Gayle Jolliffe... I mean Inkley, I leave my shy, bashful, modest, red-cheeked, personality. Watch out, Greg.

To Cathy Conley, I leave my address at college in hopes that someday she will be able to work a date with me into her busy schedule.

To Rev. Finebaum my memories of a midnight silhouette in Poise, along with the keys to my cousin's heart.

To Marilyn Sinclair, I leave my brother Tod; that is if she can steal him away from Cathy.

To my little played-by brother, Kim, I bequeath my unbelievable success in the romantic field, and my political organization in hopes that the third time around, he will be successful.

And last but not least, I will to myself, only the fond memories I have of good old Putte Falls High.

I, Bobbie Grammer, being composed of solid matter, with a thin brain (or a thick head) do hereby will the following useful items to my friends.

To my cousin Doris, I leave all the bubble gum that may lie under her desk in Math next year.

To Monty Pruce, I wish to leave my comfort and ease when at lofty heights.

To Karen Long, my part-time bus buddy, I leave a whole seat; second one from the back, on top of the bump.

I will to Mr. Poet, my favorite book of good jokes, in the hope that he'll learn some.

To Ralph Sanders, I leave my ability to fall down stairs in the dark. The ones he pushed under the tables.

To the boys of typing class, I leave a bill for borrowed paper that has not been returned.

I want next year's football team, composed of strong, husky boys, to have my luck. I don't have any, but....

To some lucky girl I leave my monkey suit; the one that's held together with scratchy, plastic thread.

We seniors leave the juniors holding a very big bill.

With "fast" Debbie O'Brien I want to share my fond memories of May 3, 1949.

Finally, I leave to all future students the incentive to learn and the personality to have fun doing it.

I Cathy Conley being of fully developed mind and more developed body hereby bequeath the following to the following:

To my little lover-Ted Harris I leave a whole bottle of Woodbine perfume, that he will remember me always.

To my brothers Jerry and Paul I leave my time in the bath-room each morning and my extra long, double bed.

To Debbie Sanders and Mrs. Olsen I leave all my shorthand notes and the many long hours we spent learning them.

To my bestest buddy Vicki I leave my great figure, if she wants it, and my old cheerleading uniforms.

To Funny, I leave my navy blue pok-a-dot hat, my green lolly pops and my little brother Harold.

To DeWin and Jim I leave my ability to get an "A" in journalism and never do a thin', also to Jim my great leadership ability.

I Mike Nunes, being of unyieldin' mind and friendly body to hereby bequeath my last will and testament.

I will to Jerry Conley, my now famous ability to drive away from cops (in the most illegal of cars) without any sweat, providing "Fern" uses the proper hand signals at all times.

I will to you John Cernick, my keen ability to find the store which has the best sale on fishing supplies, so that he won't be forever broke or forever buying from me.

To you Monty Pruce, I leave that little "something" which you must possess, in order to be wanted as manager for football and basketball and baseball.... Keep up the good work.

To you Greg Holliffe, I leave the skill which I have for scaring teachers, who quietly look over your shoulder during 2nd period study hall, while you're staring in the fish aquarium and asked, "What are you doing?" Good luck with the coach.

To you Dave Ferguson, I leave my unwanted ability to jump straight in the air at 1:00 in the morning without the help of hands or feet, and a ticker which beats 90 times a minute, since the night of the "Y's a Dox."

To the class of '70" I leave another year in which to enjoy yourselves. Make the best of it.

I, Merv Fisher, after suffering through twelve years of hard labor, have finally reached the point of making my last will and testament.

I leave to John Cernick all the crabbiness I dish out in journalism. He would probably like to return it.

To Wikki Fernandez, I leave P.E. jumping jacks, and all that goes along with them.

To Mrs. James, I leave all the notes in my science book. They've served their purpose.

Jim and Dave Spalding I leave with the blessed knowledge that they're the sweetest pair of twins I've ever known. (They're the only pair of twins I've ever known.)

Jointly with Robbie Grammer, I leave the periodic table of elements in the science room to the future students of Fulte Falls, with the fear that some brilliant soul will discover another element, and mess the whole thin' up.

I bequeath to this year's athletic team my memories of the best part of school, the sports.

I leave Doris Burton with the clipboards and score sheets for games. Maybe she'll be able to keep track of them.

To my sister Pettv, I leave my ability to set the dishes clean in one washin'. I'll take over her saxophone.

I leave to Marilyn Sinclair the buds of a newly-blossoming friendship. The winter frost cut them 'ack last year.

Last, but certainly not least, I leave the kindly people of the Red Lion Inn with one big mess to clean up.